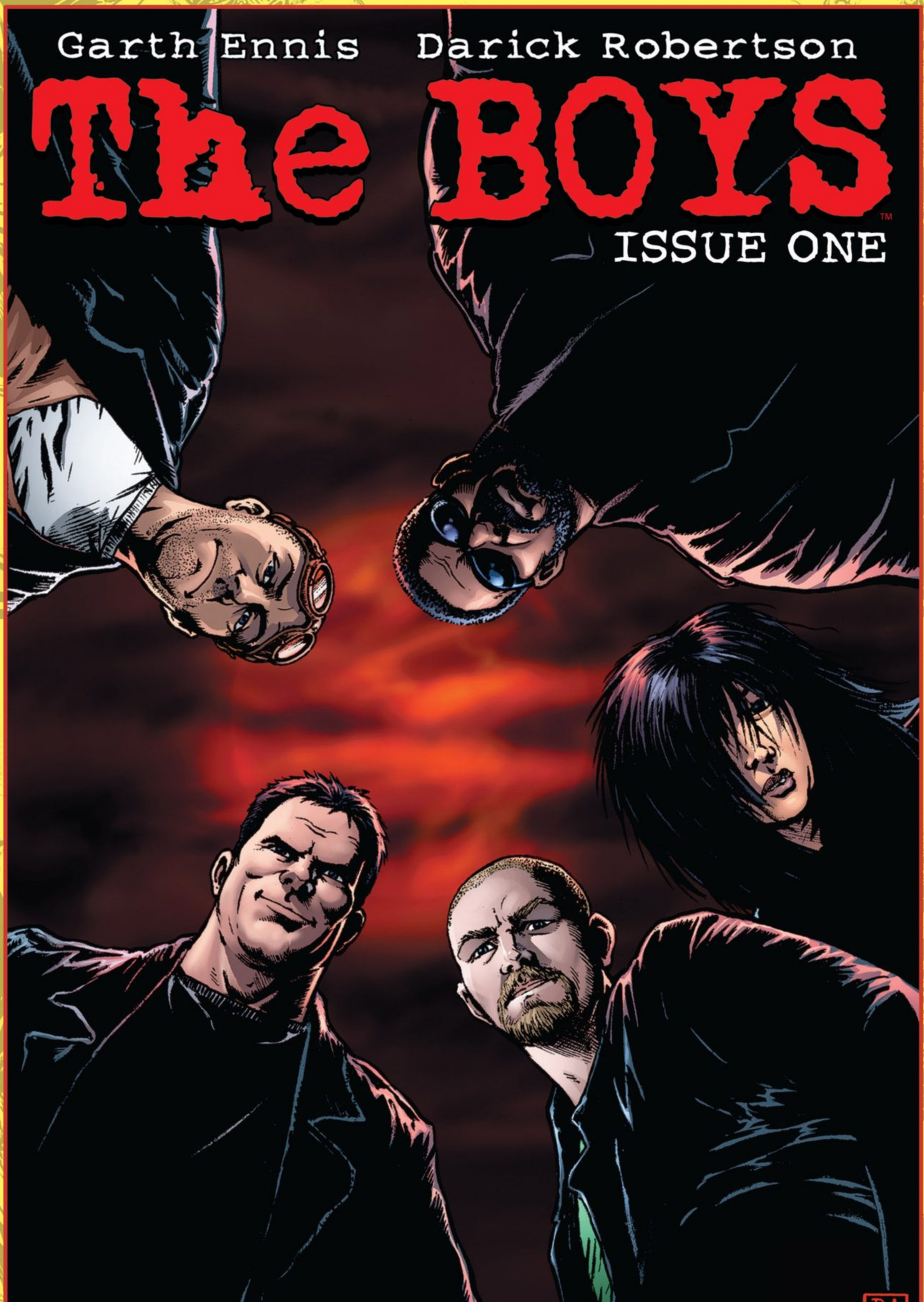
# DYNAMITE® EDITION

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

# The BOYS™

ISSUE ONE



Features the first chapter of:

THE BOYS VOL. 1: THE NAME OF THE GAME

Graphic Novel

DARICK 2006 AVIÑA

Garth Ennis  Darick Robertson

# The BOYS™

## ONE: DYNAMITE EDITION

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.


Written by:
GARTH ENNIS

Colored by:
TONY AVIÑA

Illustrated by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Lettered by:
GREG THOMPSON

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE® ENTERTAINMENT

FOR DYNAMTE ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON • CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER



COMIC SHOP LOCATOR SERVICE
888-COMIC-BOOK
comicshoplocator.com



THE BOYS #1: DYNAMITE EDITION. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Runnemede, NJ 08078.


Copyright © 2009 Spitfire Productions Ltd. and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. THE BOYS, all characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related elements are trademarks of Spitfire Productions, Ltd. and Darick Robertson. DYNAMITE, DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT and its logo are ® & © 2009 DFI. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes.



For information regarding press, media rights, foreign rights, licensing, promotions, and advertising e-mail: marketing@dynamiteentertainment.com

Printed in Canada.

# THE NAME OF THE GAME

PART ONE

BUTCHER

I'M GONNA FUCKIN' HAVE YOU.

YOU CUNT.

COME ON, TERROR.

?

OFF WE GO, MATE.

!

WEE HUGHIE

...AND THEY'VE GOT THIS *HANGAR*, RIGHT? THIS HANGAR THOUSANDS O' FEET UNDERGROUND, AN' THERE'S THIS *U.F.O.* WI' A *PINK ALIEN* IN IT...

'CAUSE PEOPLE THINK THEY'RE GREY OR GREEN, RIGHT, BUT THEY'RE *NOT*--THEY'RE REALLY PINK, BECAUSE IT TURNS OUT ALIENS ARE *GAY*...

I WAS *BRICKIN' IT*, I MEAN I WAS LOOKIN' AT THIS WEBSITE THINKIN'-- JINGS, WHAT IF THEY GET US ONTO THEIR U.F.O. AN' FRUIT US UP?

PRIZES!

I MEAN I'M NOT HOMOPHOBIC OR ANYTHIN', RIGHT, BUT--

I LOVE YOU, HUGHIE. YOU MUST BE THE ONLY MAN IN SCOTLAND WHO ACTUALLY SAYS *JINGS*...

WHAT'D YOU SAY?

YOU'RE THE ONLY--

BEFORE THAT.

IS IT TOO SOON TO SAY THAT, OR SOMETHIN'?

ROBIN...

AM I GONNA SCARE YOU OFF? IS THAT IT?

I KNEW AFTER A WEEK, HUGHIE.

NEVER MIND A MONTH.

EVEN WITH EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED AFTERWARDS, HUGHIE ALWAYS REMEMBERED:

THAT KISS WAS LIKE NONE HE'D EVER HAD BEFORE.

OUT OF THE FUCKING *WAY--*

MS. RAYNER?

A MISTER *BUTCHER* TO SEE YOU, MA'AM.

BUTCHER?

THAT'S RIGHT, MA'AM.

BIG ENGLISH GUY? TALKS LIKE MICHAEL CAINE?

THAT'S HIM.

HE HASN'T GOT AN APPOINTMENT OR ANYTHING, BUT HE JUST WALKED IN--I MEAN HE HAS FULL AGENCY CLEARANCE, IT CHECKS OUT LIKE--

SEND HIM IN.

HOLD MY CALLS.

YOU DISGUST ME! YOU DIRTY, FILTHY, REPULSIVE SON OF A BITCH, YOU MAKE ME WANT TO PUKE!!

WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHERE I WIPE ME *DICK*, LUV--

Susan L Rayner

DIRECTOR

SON, LET GO--

SON, PLEASE LET GO, YOU *HAVE TO* LET GO--

NO, DON'T LOOK OVER THERE, YOU DON'T WANNA SEE THAT--FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WHAT'S *KEEPIN' YOU--?*

HERE WE GO--

POLICE

POLICE

...SCANNED HIM HEADING SOUTH AT ABOUT MACH THREE, I HAD TO COMPUTE A PURSUIT CURVE WHILE I WAS SPRINTING FLAT-OUT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

AYE.

WALK ON WATER, MAN. THEY NEVER SEE IT COMING.

WHERE EXACTLY AM I, JUST AS A MATTER OF FACT?

YOU'RE IN GLASGOW. AMERICA'S THAT WAY.

SO WHY DON'T YOU FUCK OFF BACK THERE, YOU CUNT.

POLICE

POLICE

WELL, I GUESS I BETTER GET THIS CHUMP

WAAAAHHHHH

AAAHHHNNOOOO

NNOOO

SEYE

YOU HAVE PEOPLE TO DEAL WITH THIS, RIGHT? COOL.

AAAAHHHHH

I GOTTA GET GOING.

CAN'T STOP THE A-TRAIN--

HOT DOGS · HAGGIS ·

HIT HIM AGAIN! NOW!

HE'S ALREADY HAD--

FUCKING DO IT, WOULD YOU!!

RROOOBIIINNN...!

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE COME TO OFFER YOUR SERVICES.

I'M HERE TO GRANT 'EM, LUV.

SAME OLD ARROGANT PIECE OF SHIT AS EVER...

WORKS, DUNNIT? YOU HAD YOUR KNICKERS OFF YOU THERE LIKE A FUCKIN' SPEEDIN' BULLET.

FUCKING *PIG--*

HOW'S DAKOTA BOB? HE EVER TRY TO SLIP YOU A LENGTH AT ONE OF THE WEEKLY BRIEFINGS?

***THE PRESIDENT*** IS A MAN OF ***TOTAL*** MORAL INTEGRITY. JUST HEARING SOMEONE LIKE YOU TALK ABOUT HIM IS ENOUGH TO TURN MY STOMACH.

WHATEVER YOU'VE COME TO SAY, SAY IT. I'M BUSY.

BEEN ANY NEW DIRECTIVES COME OUT OF THE OVAL OFFICE LATELY?

HOW--

COME ON, RAYNER. I HEAR THINGS, YOU KNOW THAT.

YOU SHOULD'VE CALLED ME AS SOON AS YOU HEARD. I KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T, BUT YOU SHOULD'VE.

MADE ANY PROGRESS ON YOUR OWN, AS A MATTER OF INTEREST? BIG SUCCESS SO FAR?

GO ON...

IS IT FUCK. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, HALF THE TIME YOU NOBBERS COULDN'T SORT OUT A PISS-UP IN A BREWERY.

THERE'S NOW SOMETHING LIKE ***TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND SUPES*** IN THE WORLD, AN' I'M WILLIN' TO BET YOU'VE GOT NO FURTHER THAN NAMES AN' HEADSHOTS ON NINETY-FIVE PERCENT.

BUT I KNOW 'EM.

HEROES OR VILLAINS, SAINTS OR SINNERS, TEENAGE OR GOLDEN AGE: I KNOW 'EM OR I KNOW A MAN WHO DOES.

YOU KNOW A MAN WHO DOES.

THE LEGEND WON'T TALK TO ANYONE BUT ME, MADAM DIRECTOR.

SO LEAVE IT OUT.

The BOYS

FUCK.

YOU MAY AS WELL GO AHEAD, LUV.

SUPERPOWER'S THE MOST DANGEROUS POWER ON EARTH. THERE'S MORE AN' MORE OF 'EM ALL THE TIME, AN' SOONER OR LATER THEY'RE GONNA WISE UP.

IF YOU CAN DODGE BULLETS OR OUTRUN TACHYONS OR SWIM ACROSS THE SUN, YOU'VE BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE THAN SAVE THE WORLD FOR THE TWO HUNDREDTH FUCKIN' TIME.

ONE DAY, YOU MIGHT TWIG WHAT YOU'RE REALLY INVULNERABLE TO IS YOUR HUMANITY.

AN' THEN GOD HELP US ALL.

YOU MADE THIS DEAL WITH MY PREDECESSOR. THE FIRST TIME AROUND, BACK BEFORE IT ALL WENT TO SHIT.

YOU HAVE THE EXPERTISE; WE HAVE THE RESOURCES AND LEGITIMACY THAT ALLOW YOU TO OPERATE. THAT MUCH I UNDERSTAND.

WHAT I *DON'T*-- WHAT TRULY DISTURBS ME, BECAUSE I'VE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF WHAT'S BEHIND THOSE EYES--IS WHY YOU DO THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

IS WHAT MIGHT BE IN IT FOR YOU.

I'M JUST A BLOKE IN NEED OF A JOB, LUV.

...RIGHT.

THEY HAVE TO BE WATCHED. DAKOTA BOB SAID IT HIMSELF.

SO YOU NEED SOMEONE TO WATCH 'EM. SOMEONE TO GATHER INTEL--OR ***SHIT***, WHICH IS MY PREFERRED TERM--AN' USE IT TO PLAY 'EM. SOMEONE WHO'S READY TO REMIND 'EM WHO'S BOSS AT A MOMENT'S FUCKIN' NOTICE.

NOW AN' AGAIN, WHEN THE OCCASION DEMANDS IT, YOU NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN KILL ONE OR TWO OF THE CUNTS.

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU NEED--

CLASSIFIED

WHERE ARE THE REST OF THEM?

WELL, M.M.'S ALL RIGHT, I'M GONNA GO AN' SEE HIM TONIGHT. THE FRENCHMAN'S PROBABLY SAT IN SOME CAFE, TALKIN' INTO HIS EXPRESSO LIKE A MAD FUCKIN' BASTARD.

I HEAR THEY FOUND THIS GEEZER IN BALTIMORE WITH HIS FACE TORN OFF AN' STUCK UP HIS ARSEHOLE, SO IT SOUNDS LIKE THE FEMALE'S GONE BACK TO FREELANCIN' FOR THE MOB...

AN' I'M GONNA NEED A REPLACEMENT FOR MALLORY. HE WON'T BE COMIN' BACK.

RIGHT, OF COURSE. YOU GOT HIS GRAND-CHILDREN MURDERED.

DO ME A FAVOR, LUV.

TRY NOT TO GET QUITE SO WET WHEN YOU MENTION THAT.

MISTER CAMPBELL

MISTER HUGH CAMPBELL

I WONDER IF WE MIGHT COME IN FOR A MOMENT

EXPRESS OUR DEEPEST CONDOLENCES

TRULY, TRULY TERRIBLE

TRAGIC LOSS

AGENCY ATTACHED TO THE HOME OFFICE

LET'S SAY NATIONAL, RATHER THAN LOCAL

EARLY DAYS BUT WE FELT IT IMPORTANT TO KEEP YOU IN THE LOOP

EVENTS LIKE THESE HAVE ALL KINDS OF RAMIFICATIONS

MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE

MEANS DIFFERENT THINGS TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE

SADLY, MIGHT SEE THIS TRAGEDY MERELY AS AMMUNITION

PERSONAL AGENDA

BRINGS US TO THE LEGAL QUESTION

OH, NO-NO-NO

UNDERSTAND, WE UNDERSTAND, THE LAST THING WE WANT TO DO IS RUSH YOU

GOD, NO

SHOCK YOU'VE SUFFERED

WHOLE ISSUE OF COMPENSATION'S AN EXTREMELY TRICKY
YES, YES HE IS AMERICAN, WELL SPOTTED
EXCHANGE PROGRAM
OBSERVER
LONG AS HE CAN STAND THE PACE, EH, COWBOY
VERY FUNNY, OH, WAS IT THE WEE LASSIE GAVE IT TO YOU
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER
A MEMENTO
THE DILLONS
IS OOT THERE

WEREN'T ACTUALLY MARRIED
OWN PERSONAL TRAUMA, BUT THAT'S A MATTER FOR
HELP YOU, IT WOULD REALLY BE FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION
NOT TO PURSUE LEGAL PROCEEDINGS, AND WE COULD THEN RECIPROCATE
TRICKY, AS WE SAY
WOULDN'T ACCEPT MEDICAL
RESISTED, WHEN ALL THEY WERE TRYING
PARAMEDIC A BLACK EYE, POSSIBLY WITH RETINAL
SOME BRUISING TO

Gulden, CO 8040

Judy Wilfort
Export Team Leader
Regulatory Policy and Systems Branch
Office of Compliance
Center for Devices and Radiological Health

This certificate expires 24 months from the date notarized.

RIGHT DECISION
OUT OF YOUR HAIR
GOOD MAN
LET OURSELVES OUT, DON'T YOU

I DON'T WANT FUCKIN' COMPENSATION.
I WANT HER BACK.
THAT'S ALL.

MISTER KESSLER?

MMMM...?

SNEEZEX Tissue

Rosy Palms LOTION

THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR.

MM?

A MISTER *BUTCHER.*

MISTER KESSLER?

SIR?

HELLO?

'LO, MONKEY.

THAT'S JUST TO LET YOU KNOW I'M BACK, MY SON.

I'M BACK, AN' EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE JUST LIKE IT USED TO BE.

*EXACTLY* LIKE IT USED TO BE.

MONKEY.

YOU HAVE A GOOD OLD WRIGGLE THERE. WHEN YOU'RE DONE, WE'LL GO BACK IN AN' YOU CAN HAVE YOUR GIRL MAKE ME A NICE CUPPA TEA.

THEN I'LL HAVE A SHUFTI AT YOUR FILES, ALL RIGHT? SUIT YOU?

HHHH*EEEEHHH*

NICE ONE.

***PROPER TEA,*** MONKEY. NOT THAT SHIT WITH THE FUCKIN' TAMPON STRING IN IT YOU SEPTICS THINK IS TEA.

FUCK ME RIGID.

LOT MORE OF IT ABOUT ALL OF A SUDDEN, AIN'T THERE? SUPES ARE GETTIN' FUCKIN' CARELESS.

GETTIN' DOWNRIGHT LACKADAISICAL. HERE'S ***INCINERON*** GETS SHOT DOWN OVER SOME LITTLE COLOMBIAN VILLAGE, AN' THE ***SEVEN*** MAKE THE DONATION TO THE ***GOVERNMENT?*** AN' LO AN' BE-FUCKIN'-HOLD, ***FARC*** RECRUITMENT SHOOTS THROUGH THE ROOF...

HERE, MONKEY? WHO'S THIS?

THAT'S...THAT WAS LAST WEEK. THEY WENT TO SEE HIM YESTERDAY, HE SIGNED THE RELEASE WITHOUT A FIGHT.

YEAH, HE NEVER EVEN MENTIONED MONEY. THAT'S USUALLY THE FIRST THING THEY START SCREAMIN' ABOUT.

HMM.

WHY DO YOU ***NEED*** FIVE, ANYWAY? I MEAN THE FEMALE ALONE...

'CAUSE I FUCKIN' DO.

SINCE WHEN DO YOU ASK THE QUESTIONS, MONKEY?

RIGHT--!

IT'S NOT FAIR.

IT CAN'T BE.

IT WAS ALL GOIN' *RIGHT* FOR ME FOR ONCE...!

WORLD--

JUST *STOP FUCKIN' TURNIN'*, WILL YOU?

continued in:

**THE BOYS VOL. 1: THE NAME OF THE GAME**

Trade paperback in stores now!

Limited Edition hardcover in stores 11/04/09